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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1919.

Pershing and Wood.

In the month of May addresses were delivered by two American soldiers, soldiers who have gained distinction for meritorious achievements. One of them, General Pershing, spoke at the Memorial Day exercises in France, the other, General Wood, addressed, a few days earlier, a company of several thousand of the skilled artisans employed at the National Cash Register factory at Dayton.

The Herald has obtained excellent reports of these addresses and is, therefore, able to call attention to certain characteristics contained in them which are unusual. For the American soldier, especially the commanding officer, has not in the past been distinguished for a capacity for public speaking, or for the real gifts of oratory or the charms of rhetoric as well as such felicitious use of the English language as would enable an address to be ranked with some of the best specimens of English literature.

But both General Wood and General Pershing spoke not only as soldiers who were fitted to command and who have been in command, but also as thinkers, as real orators, one of them with a certain charm of diction and with a profound note of sorrow and sympathy contained in his address, while the other spoke as a leader, an able instructor, a competent counsellor speaks.

General Wood, while speaking especially in the hope of persuading people to oversubscribe to the Victory Loan—a plea in which he was successful—nevertheless touched incidentally upon how best to prepare for peace. As he is already the most distinguished advocate of preparedness before the world war, he was all the better qualified to tell the people how best to prepare for peace. His speech was a model of conciseness, of lucidity of expression, as well as profundity of thought. He spoke as that man does speak who seeks to convince and who uses the English tongue in such a manner as the more easily or effectively to convince.

Condensed into a few lines, General Wood's formula for peace preparations as he announced it at Dayton, is this:

First, help to returned soldiers.
Second, the satisfying of capital and labor.
Third, the crushing of Bolshevism.
Fourth, the enforcement of peace.
Fifth, the teaching of English only in grade schools.
Sixth, the suppression of German propaganda.
Seventh, the giving of military and vocational training.
Eighth, plentiful subscription to the Victory Loan.
Ninth, the teaching of Americanism, and
Tenth, the making of our people, one people.

It is in the literary form and the rhetorical effectiveness with which General Wood spoke to which The Herald now invites attention. He spoke almost in staccato sentences. Not a waste of words occurred. His use of English was without fault. There were moments when, speaking with measured and restrained enthusiasm and earnestness, he volleyed forth his sentences with the rapidity and accuracy with which the machine gun discharges its missiles. He said, for instance: "Do you realize that England saved us? Do you know that she realized that this war was wrong within forty-eight hours after it started? She was not prepared, but she threw her whole energy into the battle and stopped the Boche. She saved us. You may think this a strong statement to make. Listen! When the French threw the Boche across the Marne and then across the Aisne and dug in, what did he dig in? Over nine-tenths of the coal supply of France and the greater part of the iron. Without coal there can be no munitions, and without metal no guns.

"Here is where the British fleet came to the rescue. She drove the German fleet off the ocean; she dominated the submarine, and she opened the ocean to France so that it was possible to transport men, food, and munitions to torn and bleeding France and Belgium. Do you realize that England carried 65 per cent of our troops to Europe? Sometimes you hear the story that England made enormous charges for carrying our troops. This is a part of the German propaganda. Forget it.

General Wood's address would serve as an excellent text manual teaching the appropriate use of the English tongue for carrying profound thought to those who hear and to those who read.

General Pershing spoke in memory of the dead. His address was brief, but it was almost overladen with sympathy, with the sense of the solemnity of the occasion and his thoughts were expressed in beautiful English. All through the address are exquisitely modulated cadences, with the music of a solemn requiem such as could not have been employed were a speaker not in thorough sympathy with the occasion.

His picture of the onset and of the charge followed by victory was painted in a few words, but an epic could not have done more. Not in the brief address is there any evidence of self-consciousness in the preparation of it. In terms as simple and unaffected as is the tale told to listening children, he explains what the devotion of the soldiers who there laid down their lives means to those who are living. He said: "We weep today because they are our flesh and blood, but even in our sorrow we are proud that they so nobly died. It is not for us to proclaim what they did. Their silence speaks more eloquently than words, but it is for us to uphold the conception of duty, honor and country for which they fought, for which they died. It is for us, the living, to carry forward their purpose and make fruitful their sacrifice."

In these few words the great general who commanded the American army in Europe has furnished something that is worthy to be placed among the classics of the English tongue.

The Washington Herald's Poet

Today Rhymes on

Elemental.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Dear, I dissolved my soul today,
For I was sick of sound and sense.
I loosed myself to sportive play
Back with the elements.

Then, as you came adown the street,
I threw myself where you should pass.
It was on me you set your feet;
I was that patch of grass.

Then, as I lay and laughed at you,
I saw you pat your perfumed hair,
So I leaped up to bless it, too;
I was that sunshine there.

Then came the rain, and oh, my chance!
All round your face, I kissed and kissed.
You gave not one reproving glance;
I was that driven mist.

I whipped your ribbons round your waist,
Your skirts around your silken knees;
I folded you, as though embraced;
I was that tricksy breeze.

Tomorrow, I again shall be
A plain, staid soul of human style,
But you shall wonder, as you see
The joyance of my smile!

(Copyright, 1919.)

New York, June 6.—The ancient wrecks that are the last link between the equine and the motor age are getting scarcer each day. The day of the cab horse is about ended. Only at night is the cab horse in demand and the dilapidated drivers, half asleep, can be seen on the box around Herald and Times Square after midnight apparently not caring whether business becomes extinct or not.

The cabmen are generally a philosophical lot and in my opinion more trustworthy than the average New York taxi driver. The other night at Broadway and Forty-third street John Murphy, a famed Broadway cabby, was hit by a woman's comb.

John had gone to sleep on the box of his cab and there is proof that John's nag, Dolce Far Niente, by Inflammatory Rheumatism, out of Sleeping Sickness, had been in a comatose state since sundown. The comb to which was attached a piece of note paper bearing the thrilling legend, "Help! Man in room!" beaned Dolce Far Niente squarely between the ears without getting a flicker of recognition.

But when the comb had bounced from the dome of the nag, then from rib to rib to rib and finally into the lap of the dozing John Murphy, John immediately straightened up leaned for his whip and said mechanically:

"Yes, sir, I know every place in town that's still open. Where to, sir?"

Then John looked at the paper, read it and looked up and saw a fair maiden in distress in an upper window. In a jiffy he mounted the stairs leading to her apartment and caught the man—a burglar—hiding under the bed. The young lady was asked to go to a police station. Instead of taking John's cab—well she called a taxi and John, his bones creaking and joints stiff from the night air, threw an extra blanket over Dolce Far Niente, climbed back on his box, lighted a pipe and dozed on and on. Around his mouth was a quaint philosophical half smile.

"I guess we are about done for," he said to Dolce as dawn appeared.

It is a long time since Broadway was pasture and many a year since the boys and girls of the old Quaker School on Henry street tramped north on Saturday afternoons to picnic in the woods and farm lands near what is now Fourteenth street, far outside New York.

The dusty country roads have given way to busy streets, the red brick farm houses to noisy tenements, and the Haverstraw brick barges are not moored to the Canal street dyke in these times.

The tide has swept northward—northward even above Columbus Circle and smart people go to tea at the Plaza, the Majestic and even further up at the Claremont. But down in a dusty office room on Grand street, Edward H. Ridley, white haired, the first merchant prince of the old days, still works daily at the desk where he began in 1860. He is the owner of New York's first department store and is in the late seventies.

Returning soldiers around town are refusing to pay the 3-cent war tax on soda water. Several scenes have been created in the drink places around town, but the men have evidently formed a club for they never give in when the management explains that it goes to the government. Soda water is the chief drink for the men, it is said.

Scarcely a day passes that Mayor Hylan does not scold the New York newspapers. And in turn there is scarcely a day without a chide or so from the newspapers for Hizzoner. Only the Hearst papers seem to have a respect for the mayor's dignity.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

HOROSCOPE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1919.

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Neptune and Mars rule strongly for good today, according to astrology. Saturn is mildly adverse.

This is an unusually auspicious day for starting on journeys, especially if they are on the water. The signs are read as indicating meetings with friends and much pleasure.

Military and naval affairs are both favorably aspected during this configuration which makes for harmony and unity of purpose.

Engineers and all who do constructive work are subject to the most stimulating influences. They should benefit greatly in the next few months.

This should be a fortunate sway for psychic investigations and the seers declare that scientists will turn attention to this field of exploration during the next year.

The exploitation of certain classes of food or the preaching of diet systems seems to be indicated.

Neptune, the planet that is believed to impart vison, gives promise of new ventures in business in which government and peole co-operate along novel lines.

War, which the seers declared might be forever ended, still will vex the children of men, they now announce, and give warning of dangers far removed from foreign battlefields.

The preaching of American ideals will be one of the most important of the educational efforts which will occupy attention during the next few months.

The making of many books on ephemeral subjects will precede a great literary revival, it is prophesied.

The discovery that telepathy can be practiced intelligently and scientifically will be one of the next triumphs of the mind of man, the stars foreshadow.

Deaths by drowning seem to be presaged by the stars and they will be more numerous than usual. Groups appear to be indicated as likely to be in peril.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the outlook for a happy and successful year. Changes that will be advantageous are forecast. The young will court and marry.

Children born on this day probably will be exceedingly vital and energetic. These subjects of Gemini generally meet with success in business. As they usually have two lines of talent their versatility aids rather than hinders progress.

Volland Funeral Today.

Funeral services for David Volland, who died Wednesday night, will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock from the home of his sister, Mrs. Anna E. Haislip, 87 V street, the Rev. James D. Buhrer, pastor of First Reformed Trinity Church, officiating. Burial will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

"SCHOOL DAYS"

By DWIG

THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

Penny patriotism proffers the lad just out of khaki his old job at the pre-war wage.—Baltimore American.

Among all the happy wives in the world the past week, Mrs. Hawker and Mrs. Read stood at the head of the list.—Savannah News.

After all the running around that dotted line, Germany will finally pull up short at the Sign of the Pen.—Atlanta Constitution.

The world war has cost the United States $30,500,000,000 to date. More reason for making a peace that will last.—Little Rock Gazette.

It is posible that W. W. may have asked Congress to repeal the war prohibition law because he knew that for pure contrariness it would refuse.—Rochester Herald.

"Did the Old Guard win or lose in the Penrose fight?" asks the Baltimore Sun. That won't be known until the results of the next Presidential election come in.—Charleston News and Courier.

If Congress accepts the judgment of President Wilson in regard to light beers and wines it will be necessary to put away that raisin wine recipe until January, 1920.—Los Angeles Times.

Ludendorff says that the Americans played no part in the defeat of the Germans. What Ludendorff didn't know about the war was one of the biggest factors in the German defeat.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Senator Jim Reed apparently wants a "jim crow" League of Nations.—Chicago News.

As we heard one man remark, the news from over there Read's all right.—Philadelphia North American.

The next sporting event scheduled is the weather man's drive for a heat record.—New York Evening Sun.

NEW YORK HOTEL ARRIVALS.

New York, June 6.—The following Washingtonians are registered at hotels here:

Holland, Mrs. E. S. Alvord, Miss F. Levy; Wallick, G. H. Basten; Collingwood, R. J. Bodman; Martha Washington, Mrs. A. H. De Long, Mrs. M. C. McKillip, L. E. Tufts; Marlborough, J. C. Foster, C. M. Peterson; Grand, Dr. S. B. Gillespie, J. P. Jackson; Breslin, J. A. O'Rourke; Herald Square, W. S. Roose; Continental, Miss S. Folman, C. Folman, Miss A. E. Manhall, Miss R. Ormandy; Broztell V. A. Longaher; Latham, R. Miller.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

Imperial, J. Eiseman, dry goods, hats and men's furnishing goods (M. Eiseman and Brother); 432 Fourth avenue, twelfth floor; J. H. Boyce, domestics, blankets, wash goods and flannels (S. Kann Sons and Company); 220 Fifth avenue, Mrs. M. E. Davison, jewelry and silverware (A. Lisner, Palais Royal), Breslin; 1140 Broadway, D. L. Frank, jobs women's wash dresses, skirts (M. Goldenberg.)

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

Who's Who in Our City

Col. BARRY BULKLEY.

Big business and cordial companionship are leading strings in the career of Col. Barry Bulkley, financier, promoter, capitalist, author, theatrical magnate, educator, lecturer, patriot and good fellow. He is what is known as "a native born Washingtonian," and is an active member of twenty-seven clubs and associations, and yet cannot be placed in the "j'iner" class, as the membership sought him, and carrying out his life plan of good fellowship he became a member of each. The organizations he is happily affiliated with include the Cosmos Club, Chevy Chase Club, City Club, University Club, Lock Haven Club, Manufacturers Club, of Philadelphia; National Arts Club, of New York; Phi Phi Club, of Philadelphia; Hagerstown Country Club, Columbia Historical Society, National Geographic Society, New England Historical and Genealogical Society, Army and Navy Union, U. S. A., Sons of the Revolution, and the Civic Betterment Association of this city, of which he is president.

Col. Bulkley was lecturer by invitation of the United States government at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and the St. Louis Exposition, his subjects being governmental topics. He is the author of the book, "Washington, Old and New," a standard work upon the early foundation of the National Capital.

He is vice president and secretary of the Crandall Theater Company and his suite of offices are in the Metropolitan Theater Building, 932 F street northwest. He also is a director of the Merchants' Bank, and owner of the up-to-date Bulkley Apartment House in O street near New Hampshire avenue, northwest.

Col. Bulkley was born in the Bulkley manor, a big double dwelling at Eighth and G streets, on the site now occupied by the Ouray Building, which was owned by his father, Dr. John W. Bulkley, who came to Washington in 1849 from Massachusetts, and after practicing medicine here many years, died at the age of 87. Col. Bulkley was educated at the Emerson Institute. He also attended Amherst College, Mass., and graduated there with high honors, being orator of his class. When he returned to Washington he was a teacher of classics in Latin and Greek at the Emerson Institute.

He was commissioned colonel on the staff of his cousin, Gov. Whitman, of New York, and also was appointed aide-de-camp with the same rank in the Army and Navy Union. He was Gov. Whitman's speaking partner in the last Presidential campaign. On his mother's side he is a descendant of one of the early mayors of Washington, the late Hon. William B. Magruder. His boyhood ambition was to enter politics and become a great public man, but he sacrificed this ambition by remaining in voteless Washington.

Advertising for Army Approved by Baker

Secretary of War Baker yesterday approved plans to spend $185,000 to secure recruits for the army.

Heads of recruiting stations will be given authority to place the advertisements in papers printed in English.

WELL! AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!

One—Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own.
The Other—Perhaps she can. But why doesn't she?—Sydney Bulletin.

Harduppe—Will you settle a bet for me?
Goodthyng—Gladly. What is it?
Harduppe—Ten dollars I lost to Flubdub.—Judge.

"What is the secret of her popularity?"
"I don't know. That is one secret she can and does keep to herself."—Detroit Free Press.

"What's the complaint about these army courts?"
"The main complaint seems to be that if you're guilty they're apt to convict you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bess—Jack proposed to me last night.
Nell—I hope he has improved.
Bess—What do you mean?
Nell—He used to propose so awkwardly.—Stray stories.

Teacher—Freddy, you must not laugh out loud like that in the school room.
Freddy—I didn't meant to do it. I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted.—Dallas Morning News.

"And who's that playing the piano?"
"That's my daughter."
"But doesn't she ever help her mother with the dishes?"
"Oh, no; she's too musical for that."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Did I understand you to say Mr. Grabcoin enjoys a large income?"
"He used to."
"But isn't he still rich?"
"Yes. He quit enjoying his large income about the time he received his first income tax blank."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"You don't seem elated over your first case."
The young lawyer made no reply.
"Surely it should be a matter of pride that the man came to you to defend him?"
"Dunno. He pleads insanity."—Kansas City Journal.

"How the Blanks could afford to give such a grand dinner I don't understand," said Mrs. Blunderby to her guest. "It was really a most presumptuous repast."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Styles—"So you have changed your mind?" Mrs. Styles—"Yes, I have." "When did you change it?" "While I was changing my dress." "But it doesn't usually take as long as that, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

Didn't Like Hubsand Kissed "On and Off"

New York, June 6.—"Who is the co-respondent in this divorce suit?" asked Justice Giegerich, in the Supreme Court today when Mrs. Lillian Carleton Orr brought action for divorce from her husband, William P. Orr, the actor.

"The kiss burglar," replied Mrs. Orr.

"The what!" asked the astonished justice. "I didn't quite get you."

"She is Miss Harrison, who was the co-star with my husband in a play called 'The Kiss Burglar'," elucidated Mrs. Orr. "It would have been all right if they had confined their kissing to the stage, but they acted off the stage also."

Mrs. Orr has just returned from France as a hostess in a Red Cross unit.

Justice Giegerich reserved decision.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

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THE LAND OF DREAMS.

The Land o' Dreams is sweet to me,
And I rejoice to visit there,
And meet the friends that used to be
Now passed beyond all earthly care.

I laugh with them in goodly cheer,
And sometimes play some boyish prank
We played in that far Yesteryear
When at the Spring of Youth we drank.

Forgotten are all woes, and pain
No longer to have power seems
As these past friendships live again
There in that precious Land o' Dreams.

'Round the Town

With CAPT. J. WALTER MITCHELL.

He has just come to Congress,
'Twas plain to each mind,
He couldn't tell "flushes"
From "three of a kind."

—Col. SAM STRATTAN.

Presents Problem in Proposed Statehood.

While discussing the proposed national representation for the District of Columbia with Representative WILLIS C. HAWLEY, of Oregon, he presented to me a problem that may arise in connection with the matter. He referred to the government office-holding class in Washington and the number of them who would be willing to give up their citizenship in the States to which they are credited in the departments where they are employed and assume citizenship here in order to have the voting privilege at close range, if suffrage is restored to voteless Washington. Should they vacate their suffrage rights in their States and become citizens of the District, Mr. HAWLEY explained, they would have to be credited to the District's civil service quota, which is already away in excess of its legal allowance. This might jeopardize their official tenure.

"There appears to be several problems connected with national representation for Washington that are new to Congress," the Oregon statesman added, "and they must be properly diagnosed and considered. Congress might be able to admit the District to Statehood without a constitutional amendment, but upon petition of the citizens, provided the citizens here are self-governing under a Territorial form of government at the time the petition is presented."

"Both Sides and the Middle."

There were four of them and they were discussing national politics from a Democratic angle. The four: J. FRED KELLY, CHARLES SUDWARTH, SAM DE NEDREY and EUGENE SMITH, of the Government Printing Office. The place: Ben Franklin square, Tenth street and the Avenue. The question: Whom will the Democrats nominate to run for the Presidency in 1920, and how will he stand on the league of nations proposition?

Then SAM DE NEDREY, who has been "handy man" and speiler in several Presidential campaigns, gave the answer.

"Let 'em make the ticket Hitchcock of Nebraska, and Reed of Missouri, and the Democratic party will be running to reform."

Why Old St. John's Church is There.

There are two St. John's Protestant Episcopal churches in the District. One, known as the Church of Presidents, is located at Sixteenth and H streets northwest. The other is one of the landmarks of Georgetown. In speaking with Rev. CHRISTOPHER P. SPARLING, rector of the Georgetown church, he told me how it came about that the other St. John's was located on its present site.

"In the early days," he said, "many people from West Washington, then sparsely settled, used to journey on horseback, in wagon or other vehicle and some on footback, to old Christ Church in the section known as the "Navy Yard." That was before the White House was erected, and there was a great bog or quagmire from Sixteenth street to Fourteenth street, in which the pilgrims became mired. So on the suggestion of some of the older West Washingtonians to avoid the swamp a church or chapel was erected on the edge of the bog at Sixteenth street, which grew into the St. John's of today.

St. John's in Georgetown was started in 1794, while the other was commenced in a small way first in 1816.

The Intelligent Colored Guide Again.

The very black and voluble colored guide who gives his patrons an interesting if not reliable line of talk, has been at it again. He emerged from the House side of the Capitol with a party of five rural looking customers. En route to the House Office Building one of the strangers, evidently the dean of the party, stroked his "chin-nee," and pointing to the great gray building at New Jersey avenue and B street southeast, asked:

"What ar building is that there?"

"Dat used to be de Speakah home—de Speakah ob de House. I mean. Dey libbed dar wid dere fam'lies. Dat fust began when Mister BEN BUTLER wuz speakah.

"Tell the truth or keep quiet," came from an educated colored youth who "butted in." Then the intruder rattled off this:

"That structure of graystone was erected by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts, when he was a member of the House of Representatives—he never was Speaker. He brought the stone here from his quarries in Massachusetts with little cost for transportation as it came as ballast for ships. It is now occupied by the United States Public Health Service, and it——

"Heah, you eddicated monkey," the guide exclaimed, seizing the boy by the scruff of the neck, "youse done spoke yer piece, now beat it for Bloodfiel', whar yer berlong." He gave the "butter-in" a kick that landed him well down Capitol Hill, and turning to his fares he began:

"Ladies and gen'emen, as I wuz sayin' when dat boy gib us his lip musick, dis am——."

Ice Water for the Thirsty.

A committee of Independent Jonadabs has been appointed by Supreme Chief JOHN CLIFFORD FOSTER to collect funds for ice to be used in the Cogswell fountain at Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, according to the desire of the donor. "We are in for a sultry summer with very high temperatures," Mr. Foster said to me, "and it will be a Godsend to supply ice water from the fountain for thirsty pedestrians."

ASKS MORE PAY FOR BOOKBINDERS

Representative Zihlman introduced a bill in the House yesterday to increase the pay of bookbinders and of bookbinder machine operators in the Government Printing Office to 90 cents per hour.

Secretary of the Treasury Glass sent a communication to the House yesterday requesting changes be made in the Treasury appropriation bill, so that the salaries of employes of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving be placed on the same footing as those of plate printers.

COMMUNITY FUNERAL FOR MINE VICTIMS

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 6.—A community funeral will be held here tomorrow for 82 men who lost their lives yesterday in the explosion of a car of black powder in the Baltimore tunnel of the Hudson Coal Company.

A requiem mass will be held in the Holy Saviour Church at 10:30 in the morning.

Officials of the coal company today gave out the following list of casualties: Identified dead, 81; unidentified dead, 1; missing, 3; injured, 62.